

Stray Birds

Rabindranath
Tagore

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE
UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES



THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE
UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

Zmg
3 25 ~~1~~

STRAY BIRDS



MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA • MADRAS
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO



STRAY BIRDS

BY

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

AUTHOR OF "GITANJALI," ETC.

WITH FRONTISPIECE BY WILLY POGÁNY

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1921

COPYRIGHT

First Edition 1917

Reprinted 1918, 1919, 1921

TO
T. HARA
OF
YOKOHAMA

1

STRAY birds of summer come to my
window to sing and fly away.

And yellow leaves of autumn, which
have no songs, flutter and fall there
with a sigh.

2

O TROUPE of little vagrants of the
world, leave your footprints in my
words.

3

THE world puts off its mask of vast-
ness to its lover.

It becomes small as one song, as one
kiss of the eternal.

E

1

B

4

IT is the tears of the earth that keep
her smiles in bloom.

5

THE mighty desert is burning for
the love of a blade of grass who
shakes her head and laughs and flies
away.

6

IF you shed tears when you miss
the sun, you also miss the stars.

7

THE sands in your way beg for your
song and your movement, dancing
water. Will you carry the burden of
their lameness?

STRAY BIRDS

3

8

HER wistful face haunts my dreams
like the rain at night.

9

ONCE we dreamt that we were
strangers.

We wake up to find that we were
dear to each other.

10

SORROW is hushed into peace in
my heart like the evening among the
silent trees.

11

SOME unseen fingers, like an idle
breeze, are playing upon my heart the
music of the ripples.

12

“WHAT language is thine, O sea?”

“The language of eternal question.”

“What language is thy answer, O sky?”

“The language of eternal silence.”

13

LISTEN, my heart, to the whispers
of the world with which it makes love
to you.

14

THE mystery of creation is like the
darkness of night—it is great. De-
lusions of knowledge are like the fog
of the morning.

15

Do not seat your love upon a preci-
pice because it is high.

16

I sit at my window this morning
where the world like a passer-by stops
for a moment, nods to me and goes.

17

THESE little thoughts are the rustle
of leaves; they have their whisper of
joy in my mind.

18

WHAT you are you do not see, what
you see is your shadow

19

My wishes are fools, they shout
across thy songs, my Master.

Let me but listen.

20

I CANNOT choose the best.
The best chooses me.

21

THEY throw their shadows before
them who carry their lantern on their
back.

22

THAT I exist is a perpetual surprise
which is life.

23

"WE, the rustling leaves, have a
voice that answers the storms, but
who are you so silent?"

"I am a mere flower."

24

REST belongs to the work as the eyelids to the eyes.

25

MAN is a born child, his power is the power of growth.

26

GOD expects answers for the flowers he sends us, not for the sun and the earth.

27

THE light that plays, like a naked child, among the green leaves happily knows not that man can lie.

28

O BEAUTY, find thyself in love, not
in the flattery of thy mirror.

29

MY heart beats her waves at the
shore of the world and writes upon
it her signature in tears with the
words, "I love thee."

30

"MOON, for what do you wait?
"To salute the sun for whom I must
make way."

31

THE trees come up to my window
like the yearning voice of the dumb
earth.

32

HIS own mornings are new surprises
to God.

33

LIFE finds its wealth by the claims
of the world, and its worth by the
claims of love.

34

THE dry river-bed finds no thanks
for its past.

35

THE bird wishes it were a cloud.
The cloud wishes it were a bird.

36

THE waterfall sings, "I find my
song, when I find my freedom."

37

I CANNOT tell why this heart languishes in silence.

It is for small needs it never asks,
or knows or remembers.

38

WOMAN, when you move about in your household service your limbs sing like a hill stream among its pebbles.

39

THE sun goes to cross the Western sea, leaving its last salutation to the East.

40

Do not blame your food because you have no appetite.

41

THE trees, like the longings of the earth, stand a-tiptoe to peep at the heaven.

42

You smiled and talked to me of nothing and I felt that for this I had been waiting long.

43

THE fish in the water is silent, the animal on the earth is noisy, the bird in the air is singing,

But Man has in him the silence of the sea, the noise of the earth and the music of the air.

44

THE world rushes on over the strings
of the lingering heart making the music
of sadness.

45

HE has made his weapons his gods.
When his weapons win he is de-
feated himself.

46

GOD finds himself by creating.

47

SHADOW, with her veil drawn, follows
Light in secret meekness, with her
silent steps of love.

48

THE stars are not afraid to appear
like fireflies.

49

I THANK thee that I am none of the
wheels of power but I am one with the
living creatures that are crushed by it.

50

THE mind, sharp but not broad,
sticks at every point but does not
move.

51

YOUR idol is shattered in the dust
to prove that God's dust is greater
than your idol.

52

MAN does not reveal himself in his history, he struggles up through it.

53

WHILE the glass lamp rebukes the earthen for calling it cousin, the moon rises, and the glass lamp, with a bland smile, calls her, — “My dear, dear sister.”

54

LIKE the meeting of the seagulls and the waves we meet and come near. The seagulls fly off, the waves roll away and we depart.

55

MY day is done, and I am like a
boat drawn on the beach, listening to
the dance-music of the tide in the
evening.

56

LIFE is given to us, we earn it by
giving it.

57

WE come nearest to the great when
we are great in humility.

58

THE sparrow is sorry for the pea-
cock at the burden of its tail.

59

NEVER be afraid of the moments—
thus sings the voice of the everlasting.

60

THE hurricane seeks the shortest
road by the no-road, and suddenly
ends its search in the Nowhere.

61

TAKE my wine in my own cup,
friend.

It loses its wreath of foam when
poured into that of others.

62

THE Perfect decks itself in beauty
for the love of the Imperfect.

63

GOD says to man, "I heal you therefore I hurt, love you therefore punish."

64

THANK the flame for its light, but do not forget the lampholder standing in the shade with constancy of patience.

65

TINY grass, your steps are small, but you possess the earth under your tread.

66

THE infant flower opens its bud and cries, "Dear World, please do not fade."

c

67

GOD grows weary of great kingdoms,
but never of little flowers.

68

WRONG cannot afford defeat but
Right can.

69

"I GIVE my whole water in joy,"
sings the waterfall, "though little of
it is enough for the thirsty."

70

WHERE is the fountain that throws
up these flowers in a ceaseless outbreak
of ecstasy ?

71

THE woodcutter's axe begged for
its handle from the tree.

The tree gave it.

72

IN my solitude of heart I feel the
sigh of this widowed evening veiled
with mist and rain.

73

CHASTITY is a wealth that comes
from abundance of love.

74

THE mist, like love, plays upon the
heart of the hills and brings out sur-
prises of beauty.

75

WE read the world wrong and say
that it deceives us.

76

THE poet wind is out over the sea
and the forest to seek his own voice.

77

EVERY child comes with the message
that God is not yet discouraged of
man.

78

THE grass seeks her crowd in the
earth.

The tree seeks his solitude of the
sky.

79

MAN barricades against himself.

80

YOUR voice, my friend, wanders in my heart, like the muffled sound of the sea among these listening pines.

81

WHAT is this unseen flame of darkness whose sparks are the stars?

82

LET life be beautiful like summer flowers and death like autumn leaves.

83

HE who wants to do good knocks at the gate; he who loves finds the gate open.

84

IN death the many becomes one ;
in life the one becomes many.

Religion will be one when God is
dead.

85

THE artist is the lover of Nature,
therefore he is her slave and her
master.

86

"How far are you from me, O
Fruit?"

"I am hidden in your heart, O
Flower."

87

THIS longing is for the one who is
felt in the dark, but not seen in the
day.

88

"You are the big drop of dew under the lotus leaf, I am the smaller one on its upper side," said the dewdrop to the lake.

89

THE scabbard is content to be dull when it protects the keenness of the sword.

90

IN darkness the One appears as uniform; in the light the One appears as manifold.

91

THE great earth makes herself hospitable with the help of the grass.

92

THE birth and death of the leaves
are the rapid whirls of the eddy whose
wider circles move slowly among stars.

93

POWER said to the world, "You are
mine."

The world kept it prisoner on her
throne.

Love said to the world, "I am
thine."

The world gave it the freedom of
her house.

94

THE mist is like the earth's desire.
It hides the sun for whom she cries.

95

BE still, my heart, these great trees
are prayers.

96

THE noise of the moment scoffs at
the music of the Eternal.

97

I THINK of other ages that floated
upon the stream of life and love and
death and are forgotten, and I feel
the freedom of passing away.

98

THE sadness of my soul is her
bride's veil.

It waits to be lifted in the night.

99

DEATH's stamp gives value to the
coin of life ; making it possible to buy
with life what is truly precious.

100

THE cloud stood humbly in a corner
of the sky.

The morning crowned it with splendour.

101

THE dust receives insult and in
return offers her flowers.

102

Do not linger to gather flowers to
keep them, but walk on, for flowers
will keep themselves blooming all your
way.

103

Roots are the branches down in
the earth.

Branches are roots in the air.

104

THE music of the far-away summer
flutters around the Autumn seeking
its former nest.

105

Do not insult your friend by lend-
ing him merits from your own pocket.

106

THE touch of the nameless days
clings to my heart like mosses round
the old tree.

107

THE echo mocks her origin to prove
she is the original.

108

GOD is ashamed when the prosperous
boasts of His special favour.

109

I CAST my own shadow upon my
path, because I have a lamp that has
not been lighted.

110

MAN goes into the noisy crowd to
drown his own clamour of silence.

111

THAT which ends in exhaustion is death, but the perfect ending is in the endless.

112

THE sun has his simple robe of light. The clouds are decked with gorgeousness.

113

THE hills are like shouts of children who raise their arms, trying to catch stars.

114

THE road is lonely in its crowd for it is not loved.

115

THE power that boasts of its mischiefs is laughed at by the yellow leaves that fall, and clouds that pass by.

116

THE earth hums to me to-day in the sun, like a woman at her spinning, some ballad of the ancient time in a forgotten tongue.

117

THE grass-blade is worthy of the great world where it grows.

118

DREAM is a wife who must talk,
Sleep is a husband who silently suffers.

119

THE night kisses the fading day
whispering to his ear, "I am death, your
mother. I am to give you fresh birth."

120

I FEEL thy beauty, dark night, like
that of the loved woman when she
has put out the lamp.

121

I CARRY in my world that flourishes
the worlds that have failed.

122

DEAR friend, I feel the silence of
your great thoughts of many a deep-
ening eventide on this beach when I
listen to these waves.

123

THE bird thinks it is an act of kindness to give the fish a lift in the air.

124

"IN the moon thou sendest thy love letters to me," said the night to the sun.

"I leave my answers in tears upon the grass."

125

THE Great is a born child ; when he dies he gives his great childhood to the world.

126

NOT hammer-strokes, but dance of the water sings the pebbles into perfection.

127

BEEs sip honey from flowers and
hum their thanks when they leave.

The gaudy butterfly is sure that the
flowers owe thanks to him.

128

To be outspoken is easy when you
do not wait to speak the complete
truth.

129

Asks the Possible to the Impossible,
“Where is your dwelling-place?”

“In the dreams of the impotent,”
comes the answer.

130

If you shut your door to all errors
truth will be shut out.

D

131

I HEAR some rustle of things behind
my sadness of heart, — I cannot see
them.

132

LEISURE in its activity is work.
The stillness of the sea stirs in waves.

133

THE leaf becomes flower when it
loves.

The flower becomes fruit when it
worships.

134

THE roots below the earth claim no
rewards for making the branches fruit-
ful.

135

THIS rainy evening the wind is restless.

I look at the swaying branches and ponder over the greatness of all things.

136

STORM of midnight, like a giant child awakened in the untimely dark, has begun to play and shout.

137

THOU raisest thy waves vainly to follow thy lover, O sea, thou lonely bride of the storm.

138

"I AM ashamed of my emptiness,"
said the Word to the Work.

"I know how poor I am when I see
you," said the Work to the Word.

139

TIME is the wealth of change, but
the clock in its parody makes it mere
change and no wealth.

140

TRUTH in her dress finds facts too
tight.

In fiction she moves with ease.

141

WHEN I travelled to here and to there, I was tired of thee, O Road, but now when thou leadest me to everywhere I am wedded to thee in love.

142

LET me think that there is one among those stars that guides my life through the dark unknown.

143

WOMAN, with the grace of your fingers you touched my things and order came out like music.

144

ONE sad voice has its nest among
the ruins of the years.

It sings to me in the night,—“I
loved you.”

145

THE flaming fire warns me off by
its own glow.

Save me from the dying embers
hidden under ashes.

146

I HAVE my stars in the sky,
But oh for my little lamp unlit in
my house.

147

THE dust of the dead words clings
to thee.

Wash thy soul with silence.

148

GAPS are left in life through which
comes the sad music of death.

149

THE world has opened its heart of
light in the morning.

Come out, my heart, with thy love
to meet it.

150

My thoughts shimmer with these shimmering leaves and my heart sings with the touch of this sunlight; my life is glad to be floating with all things into the blue of space, into the dark of time.

151

God's great power is in the gentle breeze, not in the storm.

152

THIS is a dream in which things are all loose and they oppress. I shall find them gathered in thee when I awake and shall be free.

153

"WHO is there to take up my duties?" asked the setting sun.

"I shall do what I can, my Master," said the earthen lamp.

154

By plucking her petals you do not gather the beauty of the flower.

155

SILENCE will carry your voice like the nest that holds the sleeping birds.

156

THE Great walks with the Small without fear.

The Middling keeps aloof.

157

THE night opens the flowers in secret
and allows the day to get thanks.

158

POWER takes as ingratitude the writh-
ings of its victims.

159

WHEN we rejoice in our fulness,
then we can part with our fruits with
joy.

160

THE raindrops kissed the earth and
whispered, — "We are thy homesick
children, mother, come back to thee
from the heaven."

161

THE cobweb pretends to catch dew-drops and catches flies.

162

LOVE! when you come with the burning lamp of pain in your hand, I can see your face and know you as bliss.

163

"THE learned say that your lights will one day be no more," said the fire-fly to the stars.

The stars made no answer.

164

IN the dusk of the evening the bird of some early dawn comes to the nest of my silence.

165

THOUGHTS pass in my mind like
flocks of ducks in the sky.

I hear the voice of their wings.

166

THE canal loves to think that rivers
exist solely to supply it with water.

167

THE world has kissed my soul with
its pain, asking for its return in songs.

168

THAT which oppresses me, is it my
soul trying to come out in the open,
or the soul of the world knocking at
my heart for its entrance ?

169

THOUGHT feeds itself with its own
words and grows.

170

I HAVE dipped the vessel of my heart
into this silent hour ; it has filled with
love.

171

EITHER you have work or you have
not.

When you have to say, "Let us do
something," then begins mischief.

172

THE sunflower blushed to own the
nameless flower as her kin.

The sun rose and smiled on it, saying,
"Are you well, my darling?"

173

“WHO drives me forward like fate?”
“The Myself striding on my back.”

174

THE clouds fill the watercups of the
river, hiding themselves in the distant
hills.

175

I SPILL water from my water jar as I
walk on my way,
Very little remains for my home.

176

THE water in a vessel is sparkling ;
the water in the sea is dark.
The small truth has words that are
clear ; the great truth has great silence.

177

YOUR smile was the flowers of your own fields, your talk was the rustle of your own mountain pines, but your heart was the woman that we all know.

178

IT is the little things that I leave behind for my loved ones,—great things are for everyone.

179

WOMAN, thou hast encircled the world's heart with the depth of thy tears as the sea has the earth.

180

THE sunshine greets me with a smile.
The rain, his sad sister, talks to my
heart.

181

MY flower of the day dropped its
petals forgotten.
In the evening it ripens into a golden
fruit of memory.

182

I AM like the road in the night listen-
ing to the footfalls of its memories in
silence.

183

THE evening sky to me is like a
window, and a lighted lamp, and a
waiting behind it.

184

HE who is too busy doing good finds
no time to be good.

185

I AM the autumn cloud, empty of
rain, see my fulness in the field of
ripened rice.

186

THEY hated and killed and men
praised them.

But God in shame hastens to hide
its memory under the green grass.

187

TOES are the fingers that have for-
saken their past.

E

188

DARKNESS travels towards light, but
blindness towards death.

189

THE pet dog suspects the universe
for scheming to take its place.

190

SIT still, my heart, do not raise your
dust.

Let the world find its way to you.

191

THE bow whispers to the arrow be-
fore it speeds forth—"Your freedom
is mine."

192

WOMAN, in your laughter you have
the music of the fountain of life.

193

A MIND all logic is like a knife all
blade.

It makes the hand bleed that uses it.

194

GOD loves man's lamp lights better
than his own great stars.

195

THIS world is the world of wild storms
kept tame with the music of beauty.

196

"My heart is like the golden casket
of thy kiss," said the sunset cloud to
the sun.

197

By touching you may kill, by keep-
ing away you may possess.

198

THE cricket's chirp and the patter
of rain come to me through the dark,
like the rustle of dreams from my past
youth.

199

"I HAVE lost my dewdrop," cries the
flower to the morning sky that has lost
all its stars.

200

THE burning log bursts in flame and cries,—“This is my flower, my death.”

201

THE wasp thinks that the honey-hive of the neighbouring bees is too small.

His neighbours ask him to build one still smaller.

202

“I CANNOT keep your waves,” says the bank to the river.

“Let me keep your footprints in my heart.”

203

THE day, with the noise of this little earth, drowns the silence of all worlds.

204

THE song feels the infinite in the air,
the picture in the earth, the poem in
the air and the earth ;

For its words have meaning that
walks and music that soars.

205

WHEN the sun goes down to the
West, the East of his morning stands
before him in silence.

206

LET me not put myself wrongly to
my world and set it against me.

207

PRAISE shames me, for I secretly
beg for it.

208

LET my doing nothing when I have nothing to do become untroubled in its depth of peace like the evening in the seashore when the water is silent.

209

MAIDEN, your simplicity, like the blueness of the lake, reveals your depth of truth.

210

THE best does not come alone.
It comes with the company of the all.

211

GOD's right hand is gentle, but terrible is his left hand.

212

MY evening came among the alien
trees and spoke in a language which my
morning stars did not know.

213

NIGHT's darkness is a bag that bursts
with the gold of the dawn.

214

OUR desire lends the colours of the
rainbow to the mere mists and vapours
of life.

215

GOD waits to win back his own
flowers as gifts from man's hands.

216

MY sad thoughts tease me asking
me their own names.

217

THE service of the fruit is precious,
the service of the flower is sweet, but
let my service be the service of the
leaves in its shade of humble devotion.

218

MY heart has spread its sails to the
idle winds for the shadowy island of
Anywhere.

219

MEN are cruel, but Man is kind.

220

MAKE me thy cup and let my fulness
be for thee and for thine.

221

THE storm is like the cry of some god
in pain whose love the earth refuses.

222

THE world does not leak because
death is not a crack.

223

LIFE has become richer by the love
that has been lost.

224

My friend, your great heart shone
with the sunrise of the East like the
snowy summit of a lonely hill in the
dawn.

225

THE fountain of death makes the
still water of life play.

226

THOSE who have everything but
thee, my God, laugh at those who
have nothing but thyself.

227

THE movement of life has its rest in
its own music.

228

KICKS only raise dust and not crops
from the earth.

229

OUR names are the light that glows
on the sea waves at night and then dies
without leaving its signature.

230

LET him only see the thorns who
has eyes to see the rose.

231

SET the bird's wings with gold and
it will never again soar in the sky.

232

THE same lotus of our clime blooms
here in the alien water with the same
sweetness, under another name.

233

IN heart's perspective the distance
looms large.

234

THE moon has her light all over the
sky, her dark spots to herself.

235

Do not say, "It is morning," and
dismiss it with a name of yesterday.
See it for the first time as a new-born
child that has no name.

236

SMOKE boasts to the sky, and Ashes
to the earth, that they are brothers to
the fire.

237

THE raindrop whispered to the jas-
mine, "Keep me in your heart for
ever."

The jasmine sighed, "Alas," and
dropped to the ground.

238

TIMID thoughts, do not be afraid of
me.

I am a poet.

239

THE dim silence of my mind seems
filled with crickets' chirp—the grey
twilight of sound.

240

ROCKETS, your insult to the stars
follows yourself back to the earth.

241

THOU hast led me through my
crowded travels of the day to my
evening's loneliness.

I wait for its meaning through the
stillness of the night.

242

THIS life is the crossing of a sea,
where we meet in the same narrow ship.

In death we reach the shore and go
to our different worlds.

243

THE stream of truth flows through
its channels of mistakes.

244

My heart is homesick to-day for the
one sweet hour across the sea of time.

245

THE bird-song is the echo of the
morning light back from the earth.

246

“ARE you too proud to kiss me?”
the morning light asks the buttercup.

247

“How may I sing to thee and wor-
ship, O Sun?” asked the little flower.
“By the simple silence of thy purity,”
answered the sun.

248

MAN is worse than an animal when
he is an animal.

249

DARK clouds become heaven's
flowers when kissed by light.

250

LET not the sword-blade mock its
handle for being blunt.

251

THE night's silence, like a deep lamp,
is burning with the light of its milky
way.

F

252

AROUND the sunny island of Life
swells day and night death's limitless
song of the sea.

253

Is not this mountain like a flower,
with its petals of hills, drinking the
sunlight ?

254

THE real with its meaning read wrong
and emphasis misplaced is the unreal.

255

FIND your beauty, my heart, from
the world's movement, like the boat
that has the grace of the wind and the
water.

256

THE eyes are not proud of their sight
but of their eyeglasses.

257

I LIVE in this little world of mine and
am afraid to make it the least less.
Lift me into thy world and let me have
the freedom gladly to lose my all.

258

THE false can never grow into truth
by growing in power.

259

My heart, with its lapping waves of
song, longs to caress this green world
of the sunny day.

260

WAYSIDE grass, love the star, then
your dreams will come out in flowers.

261

LET your music, like a sword, pierce
the noise of the market to its heart.

262

THE trembling leaves of this tree
touch my heart like the fingers of an
infant child.

263

THIS sadness of my soul is her bride's
veil.

It waits to be lifted in the night.

264

THE little flower lies in the dust.
It sought the path of the butterfly.

265

I AM in the world of the roads.
The night comes. Open thy gate,
thou world of the home.

266

I HAVE sung the songs of thy day.
In the evening let me carry thy lamp
through the stormy path.

267

I DO not ask thee into the house.
Come into my infinite loneliness, my
Lover.

268

DEATH belongs to life as birth does.
The walk is in the raising of the foot
as in the laying of it down.

269

I HAVE learnt the simple meaning of
thy whispers in flowers and sunshine—
teach me to know thy words in pain
and death.

270

THE night's flower was late when the
morning kissed her, she shivered and
sighed and dropped to the ground.

271

THROUGH the sadness of all things
I hear the crooning of the Eternal
Mother.

272

I CAME to your shore as a stranger, I
lived in your house as a guest, I leave
your door as a friend, my earth.

273

LET my thoughts come to you, when
I am gone, like the afterglow of sunset
at the margin of starry silence.

274

LIGHT in my heart the evening star
of rest and then let the night whisper
to me of love.

275

I AM a child in the dark.
I stretch my hands through the
coverlet of night for thee, Mother.

276

THE day of work is done. Hide my
face in your arms, Mother.
Let me dream.

277

THE lamp of meeting burns long ; it
goes out in a moment at the parting.

278

ONE word keep for me in thy silence,
O World, when I am dead, "I have
loved."

279

WE live in this world when we love
it.

280

LET the dead have the immortality
of fame, but the living the immortality
of love.

281

I HAVE seen thee as the half-
awakened child sees his mother in the
dusk of the dawn and then smiles and
sleeps again.

282

I SHALL die again and again to know
that life is inexhaustible.

283

WHILE I was passing with the crowd
in the road I saw thy smile from the
balcony and I sang and forgot all noise.

284

LOVE is life in its fulness like the
cup with its wine.

285

THEY light their own lamps and sing
their own words in their temples.

But the birds sing thy name in thine
own morning light,—for thy name is
joy.

286

LEAD me in the centre of thy silence
to fill my heart with songs.

287

LET them live who choose in their
own hissing world of fireworks.

My heart longs for thy stars, my God.

288

LOVE's pain sang round my life
like the unplumbed sea, and love's joy
sang like birds in its flowering groves.

289

PUT out the lamp when thou wishest.
I shall know thy darkness and shall
love it.

290

WHEN I stand before thee at the
day's end thou shalt see my scars and
know that I had my wounds and also
my healing.

291

SOME day I shall sing to thee in the
sunrise of some other world, "I have
seen thee before in the light of the
earth, in the love of man."

292

CLOUDS come floating into my life
from other days no longer to shed rain
or usher storm but to give colour to
my sunset sky.

293

TRUTH raises against itself the storm
that scatters its seeds broadcast.

294

THE storm of the last night has
crowned this morning with golden
peace.

295

TRUTH seems to come with its final
word ; and the final word gives birth to
its next.

296

BLESSED is he whose fame does not
outshine his truth.

297

SWEETNESS of thy name fills my
heart when I forget mine — like thy
morning sun when the mist is melted.

298

THE silent night has the beauty of
the mother and the clamorous day of
the child.

299

THE world loved man when he
smiled. The world became afraid of
him when he laughed.

300

GOD waits for man to regain his
childhood in wisdom.

301

LET me feel this world as thy love
taking form, then my love will help it.

302

THY sunshine smiles upon the winter
days of my heart, never doubting of its
spring flowers.

303

GOD kisses the finite in his love and
man the infinite.

304

THOU crossest desert lands of barren
years to reach the moment of fulfil-
ment.

305

GOD's silence ripens man's thoughts
into speech.

306

THOU wilt find, Eternal Traveller,
marks of thy footsteps across my songs.

307

LET me not shame thee, Father, who
displayest thy glory in thy children.

308

CHEERLESS is the day, the light
under frowning clouds is like a pun-
ished child with traces of tears on its
pale cheeks, and the cry of the wind is
like the cry of a wounded world. But
I know I am travelling to meet my
Friend.

309

TO-NIGHT there is a stir among the palm leaves, a swell in the sea, Full Moon, like the heart throb of the world. From what unknown sky hast thou carried in thy silence the aching secret of love?

310

I DREAM of a star, an island of light, where I shall be born and in the depth of its quickening leisure my life will ripen its works like the rice-field in the autumn sun.

311

THE smell of the 'wet earth in the rain rises like a great chant of praise from the voiceless multitude of the insignificant.

(312

THAT love can ever lose is a fact
that we cannot accept as truth.

313

WE shall know some day that death
can never rob us of that which our
soul has gained, for her gains are one
with herself.

314

GOD comes to me in the dusk of my
evening with the flowers from my past
kept fresh in his basket.

315

WHEN all the strings of my life will
be tuned, my Master, then at every
touch of thine will come out the music
of love.

G

316

LET me live truly, my Lord, so that
death to me become true.

317

MAN's history is waiting in patience
for the triumph of the insulted man.

318

I FEEL thy gaze upon my heart this
moment like the sunny silence of the
morning upon the lonely field whose
harvest is over.

319

I LONG for the Island of Songs across
this heaving Sea of Shouts.

320

THE prelude of the night is commenced in the music of the sunset, in its solemn hymn to the ineffable dark.

321

I HAVE scaled the peak and found no shelter in fame's bleak and barren height. Lead me, my Guide, before the light fades, into the valley of quiet where life's harvest mellows into golden wisdom.

322

THINGS look phantastic in this dimness of the dusk—the spires whose bases are lost in the dark and tree tops like blots of ink. I shall wait for the morning and wake up to see thy city in the light.

323

I HAVE suffered and despaired and
known death and I am glad that I am
in this great world.

324

THERE are tracts in my life that are
bare and silent. They are the open
spaces where my busy days had their
light and air.

325

RELEASE me from my unfulfilled
past clinging to me from behind making
death difficult.

326

LET this be my last word, that I
trust in thy love.

BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

GITANJALI (Song Offerings). Translated by the Author. With an Introduction by W. B. YEATS, and a Portrait by W. ROTHENSTEIN. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

ATHENÆUM.—"Mr. Tagore's translations are of trance-like beauty. . . . The expanding sentiment of some of the poems wins, even through the alien medium of our English prose, a rhythm which in its strength and melody might recall familiar passages in the Psalms or Solomon's Song."

DAILY NEWS.—"One of the most significant books that have appeared in our time. . . . They reveal a poet of undeniable authority and a spiritual influence singularly in touch with modern thought and modern needs."

FRUIT-GATHERING. A Sequel to "Gitanjali." Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

THE TIMES.—"The mystery and the special quality of them is that, being the words of a mystic, they are still poems of the common world we know."

ATHENÆUM.—"The eighty-six pieces that fill this volume are pure jets of lyric feeling, aphorisms expressed in moving symbols, or fully developed parables and allegories. . . . several are as perfect in form as they are beautiful and poignant in content."

GITANJALI & FRUIT-GATHERING. With Illustrations in Colour and Half-Tone by NANDALAL BOSE, SURENDRANATH KAR, ABANINDRANATH TAGORE, and NOBINDRANATH TAGORE. Crown 8vo. 10s. net.

THE GARDENER. Lyrics of Love and Life. Translated by the Author. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

DAILY MAIL.—"Flowers as fresh as sunrise. . . . One cannot tell what they have lost in the translation, but as they stand they are of extreme beauty. . . . They are simple, exalted, fragrant—episodes and incidents of every day transposed to faery."

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THE CRESCENT MOON. Child-

Poems. Translated by the Author. With 8
Illustrations in Colour. Pott 4to. 5s. net.

NATION.—"A vision of childhood which is only paralleled in our literature by the work of William Blake."

DAILY NEWS.—"To many people this will be the most charming collection of Mr. Tagore's poems yet given to the English-speaking public. . . . Nearly all of them seem to hold the same crystalline still light."

STRAY BIRDS. Poems. With a

Frontispiece by WILLY POGÁNY. Crown 8vo.
4s. 6d. net.

THE SCOTSMAN.—"The richness of this volume in thought and in imagery, in tracing analogies and in discovering apologues, is such as to yield pleasure and profit to the most fertile and cultured minds."

LOVER'S GIFT AND CROSSING.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

THE FUGITIVE. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
net.

CHITRA. A Play. Translated by the

Author. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

OBSERVER.—"An allegory of love's meaning, clear as a pool in the sunshine. It was written, we are told, twenty-five years ago. . . . Even then Mr. Tagore had that calm intensity of vision which we have all come to love in his later work. We find in him that for which Arjuna groped in his love, 'that ultimate *you*, that bare simplicity of truth,' and never more than in this little work of beauty, 'Chitra.'"

**THE KING OF THE DARK
CHAMBER.** A Play. Translated by

KSHITISH CHANDRA SEN. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"Altogether, the play is a beautiful piece of fanciful writing with a veiled purpose at the back of it."

SACRIFICE and other Plays. Crown

8vo. 5s. net.

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THE POST OFFICE. A Play.

Translated by DEVABRATA MUKERJEA. Crown
8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.—"The Post Office' is a delicate, wistful thing, coloured with beautiful imagery; for a moment it lifts a corner of the veil of worldly existence. The translation is throughout extremely happy."

THE CYCLE OF SPRING. A Play.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.—"The whole little drama is a spring-gift such as England has seldom received."

LITERARY WORLD.—"It expresses wonderfully and delightfully the gaiety, the exuberant high spirits and fun, the irrepressible abandon, of eternal youth."

THE HOME AND THE WORLD.

A Novel. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net

THE WRECK. A Novel. Crown

8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

MASHI and other Stories. Crown 8vo.

5s. net.

HUNGRY STONES and other Stories.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"Contains descriptive passages of rare vigour and beauty, and is embellished with imagery of a delicate and distinctive character."

THE NATION.—"If there are more novels and tales of this quality in the Indian vernaculars, the translation of them would be the greatest of all steps towards a comprehension by the West of the East."

SĀDHANĀ: The Realisation of Life.

Lectures. Extra Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

NATIONALISM. Extra Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

PERSONALITY. Lectures delivered in America. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

MY REMINISCENCES. Illustrated. Extra Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

GLIMPSES OF BENGAL. Selections from Letters. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

ONE HUNDRED POEMS OF KABIR.

Translated by RABINDRANATH TAGORE, assisted by EVELYN UNDERHILL. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE. A Biographical Study. By ERNEST RHYS. Illustrated. Extra Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

SIX PORTRAITS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE. By W. ROTHENSTEIN. Reproduced in Collotype. With Prefatory Note by

MAX BEERBOHM. Imperial 4to. 10s. net.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MAHARSHI DEVENDRANATH TAGORE

(Father of RABINDRANATH TAGORE). Translated by SATYENDRANATH TAGORE and INDIRA DEVI. With Introduction by EVELYN UNDERHILL, and Portrait. Extra Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE. By Prof. S. RADHAKRISHNAN. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

SHANTINIKETAN: The Bolpur School of Rabindranath Tagore. By W. W. PEARSON. With Introduction by Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Illustrated. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.



A000022972033



